Daily Eagle

# STATESMAN JOHN

## Will Prize Fighter Sullivan Go to Washington?

### HIS UNIQUE PROCLAMATION.

**His Views as Expressed to the New York Evening Sun—Some Account of the Career of Congressman and Prize Fighter John Morrissey.**

"Committee on hygiene and physical culture—Chairman, John Lawrence Sullivan, of Massachusetts."

How would that read in the register of the Fifty-second congress? That or something mildly resembling it is what we may see, for the champion has declared his intention to emulate the great John Morrissey and go from the fistic to the political arena. "It takes a John Morrissey constituency to send a John Morrissey to congress," was an editorial saying in 1868-69, meaning that the honorable John had pretty tough constituents; but there seems to be no doubt in the present champion's mind that he can find a John Sullivan constituency.

CONGRESSMAN SULLIVAN.

Boulanger aspired to run the legislature of France, and isn't Sullivan as big a man as Boulanger? Buffalo Bill was crowded into the Nebraska legislature, and made a good member. John Morrissey went to congress, and—well, we don't remember just what he did there, but certainly nothing wrong, or the papers would have given it notoriety. But the matter is finally set at rest by the issue of the following:

SULLIVAN'S PROCLAMATION.

To the Editor of the Evening Sun:

SIR: A good deal has been said about my becoming a candidate for congress. I write to say that, after thinking the matter over, I have decided that when the time comes to elect new congressmen in Boston I will be a candidate on the Democratic ticket if the nomination is offered to me. There are several reasons which have induced me to adopt this course.

In the first place, I have always supported the party and have always voted for it. I am sound as far as my political record is concerned, and I feel that I deserve the support of the party on that score.

Then I have personal friends and general admirers enough in Boston to elect me anyhow.

Any man who doubts my popularity with the American people has only got to travel about with me to get rid of that notion.

Some may criticise my occupation in life. They don't know what they are talking about. My business is, and always has been, ever since I came before the public, to encourage physical culture.

Young fellows don't care for what they read about a lot of small fighters and second rate champions, but the sight of one man with a national reputation and everybody looking up to him fires them with ambition, and encourages them in the task of getting up their muscle. Many a young man is bigger and stronger because my example has set him to work.

Then besides, with my matches and exhibitions I have entertained hundreds of thousands all over the country. Also I have furnished, through the newspapers, interesting reading to millions. People have got to feel grateful to those who entertain them.

As for my methods of carrying on business and my dealings with other men, who can criticise them? If I make a promise I keep it.

I have always looked after my friends, and no one can accuse me of not acting fairly by him. A Sunday school teacher can't say more than that.

But what I feel to be more important than all else is the work which I have done to keep up the reputation of America among other nations.

The best men from everywhere have tried to beat me, but failed, and since I first began I have kept the pugilistic championship of the world in this country.

There isn't a self respecting American, no matter what tomfool ideas he may have about boxing in general, who does not feel patriotic pride at the thought that a native born American, a countryman of his, can lick any man on the face of the earth.

It is human nature, and this feeling of patriotism applies especially to Boston, where I was born, and where I shall appear as a candidate.

CONGRESSMAN MORRISSEY.

As to my fitness for the place I can prove that in a few words. A man is elected to congress to look out for the interests of those who send him there. That will be my motto, and living up to it will be my business.

I know what is wanted by my friends and the citizens of Boston generally, and I'll try to get it.

In my travels about this country and Europe I have had as much experience in public speaking as most people. I'll have no trouble about getting a hearing in congress or in making people pay attention to what I say.

A man who can quiet a crowd in Madison Square Garden, as I have done, can make his presence felt in congress or anywhere else on earth.

I therefore announce now my willingness to enter political life.

This communication, drawn up in consultation with friends and with their advice, is the longest that I have ever addressed to any paper.

I shall be obliged to you if you will print it.

Yours truly, JOHN L. SULLIVAN,
Champion of the World.

It is surely no slander to say that Sullivan makes a better start than Morrissey did some twenty years ago, and this a better record, for Morrissey's best friends admit that at one time in his life he was decidedly "crooked." He was born in Ireland, Feb. 5, 1831, but came to America so young that he was almost as much a native as Sullivan. His first battle in the ring was with George Thompson, near Benicia, Cal., Aug. 31, 1852. Thompson struck a "foul" and lost. Oct. 12, 1853, he fought Yankee Sullivan and won. The latter went to California, where he killed himself or was killed—and no one certainly knows which—while in prison, where the vigilance committee had placed him. Morrissey's most famous fight was with John C. Heenan at Long Point, Canada, Oct. 20, 1858, for $2,500 a side and the championship. At the end of the eleventh round Heenan's second threw up the sponge. In the meantime a series of tragic occurrences in New York had sunk Morrissey to a very low place in public opinion, and he soon retired from the ring.

How far John Morrissey was to blame in these murderous encounters need not be discussed here. Suffice it to say that he led a faction, and Bill Poole, also a pugilist, led another—the so called "Know Nothing" or native roughs. Each party in those days had its recognized fighters. After many rough and tumble fights Poole and Morrissey agreed to meet and fight it out on Amos street dock. There was a big crowd, and the police did not interfere, and the results were horrible. The men finally clinched and fell, the crowd rushed in and fought over them a minute or two, then dropped back and gave them room. Morrissey's face was literally beaten to a jelly when he cried out, "I'm satisfied! I've got enough!" Poole, too, was fearfully mauled and his cheek horribly lacerated by Morrissey's teeth. The crowd then fought it out among themselves and next fell on the "innocent spectators." Many a man, whose only fault was too much curiosity, lost everything but shirt, pants and boots, and had to be sent home in a hack.

The factions next met at a ball at Lozier's slaughter house in Barrow street, and a fight began between Bill Poole and Bill Travers. The latter lost an eye and the former bled from a score of wounds. Poole went to South Carolina to recuperate, and in Charleston whipped a local bully nearly to death. He came back to New York and resumed his place as a "Know Nothing" leader; then, as near as can be determined from the evidence, his death was plotted, and Lew Baker, Dad Cunningham, Jim Turner, Meilly Linn and others of the so called "Morrissey gang" were to see to it. They entered the saloon where Poole was talking to some friends, and one Pangene locked the door and then spat in Poole's face. The latter attempted to reach the door, when Jim Turner aimed a pistol at him; but some one struck the pistol and it shot Turner through the arm. There was a rush and a fusillade of shots. Some dashed madly at the doors and windows, and one George Deagle nearly killed himself in a big pier glass which he had mistaken for a door.

Poole was shot in the leg and shoulder and fell to the floor, when Lew Baker deliberately placed one knee on his breast and fired two shots into his body. Poole's last words were: "I die a true American."

He died March 15, 1855. Baker escaped to South America, but was brought back. Poole was honored by one of the largest funeral processions ever seen in New York, his body being laid in Greenwood cemetery.

Such were some of the occurrences which made life unpleasant for John Morrissey, and a change in his conduct was thereafter noticeable. He had never been a loud or blustering man, and in time became noticeably quiet and genteel in general deportment, though the master of more than one gambling house.

Little by little he acquired the friendship of men of some character and influence and finally astonished the country by becoming a candidate for congress in the Fifth New York district. Election day, Nov. 4, 1868, gave him an enormous majority, despite the fact that there was a bolt in his party. And then, strange to say, public interest in John Morrissey began to decline. Very little was said about his career in congress, he sank into comparative obscurity, and his death a few years later attracted very little attention.

### "Black Bart" Holzhay.

"Black Bart," the "Claude Duval" of upper Michigan and Wisconsin, is captured, and will probably spend the rest of his life in the Michigan penitentiary (they do not hang murderers in that state) unless lynch law decides otherwise.

HOLZHAY.

His real name is Reinhold Holzhay. He is a German, but 27 years old, and one year ago was apparently an honest lumberman; yet within ten months he has robbed railroad trains, stage coaches and lonely travelers, murdered one man who resisted and wounded others and generally lived a life of most reckless lawlessness. The explanation usually accepted is in two words, "dime novels." In his room about a hundred of those publications were found. His career was short, but it was terrible.

### Miss Chamberlain "That Was."

Here is a cut of Capt. Naylor-Leyland's bride, nee Chamberlain, the American beauty, who has for so many years the lack of gallantry intended bewitched that part of London and the continent of Europe called society. Mrs. Leyland is a native of Cleveland, O., and it is asserted that no picture, even the best photograph, gives a good idea of her charms. One enthusiastic writer says:

"Her complexion is a translucent blending of pink and white. Her eyes are liquid blue, shaded by dark lashes, dreamy in repose, sparkling in conversation. Her hair is lighter than brown, with a decided suggestion of gold in the wealth of tresses, which forms a contrast with the eyes and delicately marked eyebrows. Her features are of classic Grecian cast. In stature she is above the medium height, and connoisseurs have said that her figure is faultless, neither spare nor stout, but symmetrically rounded."

MRS. LEYLAND.

Her husband is rich and handsome and has been nicknamed Bagdad because of an unfortunate shooting accident that occurred to him near the Oriental city of that name.

### Troubles from False Teeth.

Dentists generally hold that false teeth on rubber plates are incapable of causing mouth or throat troubles, such as inflammations, ulcerations and the like. Theoretically well made plates of good rubber ought to be innocent of any harm, but practical experience has taught that they are not invariably so, and, more than that, there is reason to believe that gold plates may in occasional instances cause considerable irritation. Dr. Cutter, of New York, suggests that the harmful effects are the result of a galvanic action. That, he thinks, in the case of rubber plates make the mercury soluble. As for the common gold plates, he states that gold, silver or copper, zinc and platinum enter into their composition, hence they must also be liable to galvanic action under the influence of mouth juices, foods and drinks. For this reason the substitution of silicon plates is advised. Where they have been tried they have given eminent satisfaction and proved to be entirely free from the objections found in the other plates in common use.—Boston Herald.

# TOWED BY A KITE.

## Turning a Colossal Toy to Practical Use.

### A STORY OF LONG ISLAND SOUND.

**An Adventure That Few People Would Care to Undertake—Exciting and Novel Ride in an Open Boat—A Narrow Escape.**

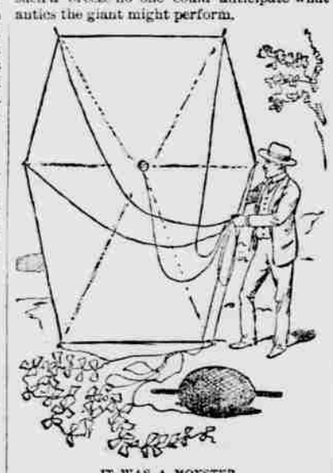
"CROSS Long Island and sound behind a kite, did you say?"

"Yes, sir, and twenty-three miles of as good straight-away sailing it was as a man ever enjoyed. First, the experience was novel; second, a sense of danger spiced the adventure and made it exciting, and finally, it demonstrated that it is possible in certain emergencies, for instance, shipwreck, to utilize a kite, that is if you happen to have one, in getting away from a stranded craft."

We were spending the Fourth of July in one of the pretty homes, half cottage and half hotel, that dot the Connecticut shore. Fathers, husbands and sweethearts had arrived from New York to participate with their families in the festivities of the day, and what with guests from other localities, the house was full. The children had enjoyed a foretaste of fireworks and balloons the night before, and the morning broke fair and breezy; in fact, the skurrying clouds were full of wind, and it was already racing at half gale speed.

Breakfast finished, the company assembled on the piazza to make arrangements for the pleasures in store. Tennis was an easy resort for the ladies, and a sail or a fishing excursion was suggestive of sport to most of the gentlemen. "Suppose we begin by flying my big kite?" said Mr. William Harral, a jolly looking merchant from the neighboring city of Bridgeport; "I brought it along to amuse the boys, and this is just the wind it wants." "Agreed!" shouted a chorus of voices, and amid the clapping of hands and other demonstrations of delight the fun loving guest produced the kite. It was a monster. Fancy an arch frame nine feet high and seven feet wide at the broadest part, six feet wide at the top, and say five feet wide at the bottom, the whole covered with stout cotton cloth bound on the edges to a cord passing through the ends of the extended arms and resembling a gigantic coffin, and you have a general view of its dimensions. At the central angle, where the arms met, was a simple device for folding the kite when not in use, and thus reducing its hugeness to something like a portable size. The tail consisted of forty or fifty yards of flannel strips, and the line, more than half a mile in length, was strong enough to sustain the weight of a man. No one present ever had seen such a sight before.

The astonishment grew apace as the preparations were made to send the kite in air. First, it was laid upon the green sward, the tail freed from tangles and all possible obstructions, and the great ball of line that was to connect it with mother earth partially unrolled and straightened for instant use, for in such a breeze no one could anticipate what antics the giant might perform.



IT WAS A MONSTER.

Mr. Harral now calls for the assistance of four or five gentlemen, to one of whom he assigns the duty of holding the kite upright. He himself takes position say fifty yards away, with a firm grip on the line. Another he posts still further back, and a third and fourth are several hundred feet distant in reserve for an emergency. Everything being in readiness, the word is given to "let go," and at the same time the master of ceremonies runs two or three rods rearward to bring the broad surface full against the wind. For an instant the magnificent creature seems to poise itself for flight, and then, with majestic grace, begins its movement heavenwards.

A RAPID ASCENT.

So rapid is the ascent that the line is drawn through and burns the hands, forcing Mr. Harral to fall back and rally, as it were, on his first reserve. The kite is now among the stronger currents of the upper atmosphere, so high as to call for the best efforts of all the gentlemen on duty to withstand the pull and manage the cord. Eight hundred, a thousand, fifteen hundred feet have gone almost before you are aware of it, and the colossal toy is sailing backwards and forwards among the clouds, scarcely larger to the eye than a white winged bird. Now and then a stronger gust than usual strikes the kite, and we are dragged forward, and must either give it more rope or be taken off our feet. The sensation is exhilarating—almost feverish.

"Suppose we fasten the kite to a boat and take a sail," suggested Mr. Harral after a while; "the wind is in just the right quarter—off shore, and strong enough to send us flying."

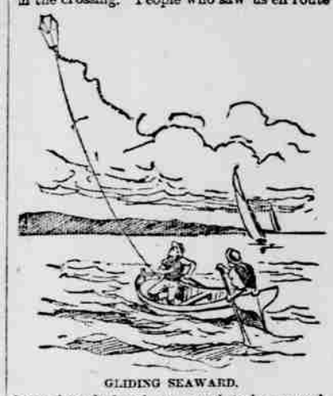
A lady's rowboat, light and just large enough for a couple, was procured, together with an extra pair of oars, and arrangements quickly made for the trip. Both of the gentlemen were good swimmers and familiar with the sea in all of its moods, but it was deemed prudent to remove coat, waistcoat and shoes. How the little craft might act when struck by a boisterous wave was as yet an unknown quantity.

The kite line was now brought down to the water's edge and the slack rove through the painter ring in the bow of the boat; the voyagers took their places, one in the bow and the other at the stern, the helpers released their hold and in a second, almost imperceptibly, we were gliding seaward as gently as a swan. In the cove from which the start was made the water was comparatively smooth, but beyond the rocky point yet to be rounded the manes were chasing each other and the crested waves told of a heavy sea.

It was evident from the beginning that the dory would not obey the ordinary rudder in an endeavor to hug the wind, which it was necessary to do in order to reach the open sound, and accordingly two oars were put out to leeward, one on the stern quarter and the other amidships. With this aid we found it possible to swerve the boat several points from the direction in which the wind was blowing, and were thus enabled to safely pass around the dangerous reef immediately ahead. Subsequently, this additional steering power, acting as it did, like a leeboard, several times enabled us to keep the kite nearly abeam while we checked speed, and thus escaped collision with vessels sailing across our track. The remark may here be made parenthetically that the people on these vessels invariably regarded our cockleshell, as it danced from one wave to another, with amazement, for our motive power was a mere speck in air, and the line connecting us with it invisible.

To say we were not anxious would be untrue, for we were eagerly alert in observing every new and threatening symptom, and the one who occupied the bow sat there with open knife in hand, ready at the least indication of swamping to cut the cord; but the further we went the more we liked it.

This confidence growing on us, we allowed the land gradually to recede from view, and looking ahead determined to make some harbor on Long Island. The distance from shore to shore in that locality is about twenty-three miles, but at the rate we were moving little more than two hours would be occupied in the crossing. People who saw us en route



GLIDING SEAWARD.

have since declared our speed to be marvelous. We only realized it in a single dash with a big catboat which attempted to give us a race, but in a few minutes was left hull down.

NEARING LONG ISLAND.

As we neared Long Island Mr. Harral discovered that we were heading in the direction of Port Jefferson, but the narrow entrance to the harbor was fully a mile to the windward. To reach this point would be a valuable test of the possibilities of kite sailing, and we accordingly lay as close to the wind as our aerial pilot would permit. The wind, however, doubtless affected by a terrific thunder storm during which, by the way, we entirely lost sight of the kite), suddenly shifted, and the best we could do was to strike the low, sandy peninsula at the end of the bay. Naturally, we came up on the beach "all standing," but having quickly paid out hundreds of feet of line it was without unpleasant shock.

At the first blush the predicament seemed to be an ugly one, and it would have proved so, if the happy thought had not occurred to lift the little boat bodily across the beach and trust to the kite to do its share of the work. The experiment was tried, and the ease with which the dainty craft moved over that sand was a revelation. In ten minutes we were afloat again and skimming over the tranquil waters of the land locked bay.

The amusing part of the adventure remains to be described. After a sojourn in Port Jefferson of two or three hours we prepared to return as we came, the wind having sufficiently shifted, as we thought, to enable us to reach a point somewhere near home. Meanwhile, with the assistance of several of the people of the town, the kite had been drawn in and folded up, in order that we might row to a place down the harbor from which we could steer through the headlands into the sound. The idea did not occur that two of us would be utterly unequal to the task of sending up our flyer and securing it once more to the boat.

When we reached the point of embarkation, therefore, we found ourselves in another predicament. There was a good deal of study over the matter, when finally Mr. Harral, always fertile in expedients, said: "I think I have it. We'll lay the kite and tail on the beach, as we did in starting from home, and stretch the line to the boat, which we will haul up stern first. Then we'll pile rocks at intervals on the line to hold it down. I'll send up the kite, and as it takes the wind run along and knock off the rocks. You can join me with your weight, and when we reach the boat you jump to the bow, make fast the line, I'll shove off, and away we'll go." Unfortunately the theory was better than the application of it. The programme was carried out and the plan worked splendidly until the last rock was reached, when one of the party (he shall be nameless), bending over to remove it, let go his hold on the line. But the other did not, and in a second more he who held on was lifted from his feet and was sailing through the air like a flying fish, frantically kicking at nothing and trying to touch ground.

"Let go! Let go!" shouted the one left behind, as he stood with open mouth looking at the queer spectacle, and let go it was, with a drop into ten feet of water. There was a splash and a splutter and a fugitive balloon, and from that time until dark we were engaged in trying to recover and lick it into shape for the resumption of the homeward voyage. Fortunately, at this juncture, a yacht sent from the hotel by alarmed friends rounded the point in search of us. We were taken aboard, and a little after midnight, at the end of our day's adventure, received from an excited household a welcome that could not have been more fervent if we had arrived from Davy Jones' locker.

F. G. DE FONTAINE.

LIKE A FLYING FISH.

### Love and Friendship.

Some propose to discountenance all gossip of whatever kind, as a bar to slander. But this is unnecessary. "To set a saw is not necessarily to file its teeth all down," and to have conversation harmless it is unnecessary to confine it to impersonal matters, or to reduce the treatment of every personal question to the dead commonplace level. There should be a generous latitude accorded to all general conversation. One's absent friends and neighbors may be spoken of as though by some miraculous power they could hear all remarks. We would soon dislike our dearest friends were we to speak evil of them—for a hatred of those we have injured ever creeps into the heart. There is too little human love in the world. Love and friendship, that divine form of love, should be assiduously cultivated. How friendship is exalted in poetry and romance! How our hearts thrill with admiration when we read in history of the illustrious few that have been willing to sacrifice even life itself upon the altar of friendship!

Strive then to win friends, and in all intercourse with them appeal only to their nobler natures, and never listen to evil reports concerning them, thereby proving that your friendship is worthy of the name.—Fannie L. Fancher in Ladies' Home Journal.